



THE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Thank you for your cooperation in sending us your local comic polls. Now, in return, we realize you would like to know how our records add up. Of course there is no argument about Dick Cole, The Wonder Boy, ranking "tops." Edison Bell is second favorite, but Krisko and Jasper are making more and more friends each month and we wouldn't be surprised to have them competing for the second place before long.

All of the other features have their enthusiastic followers which makes it hard for us to classify them, but we feel that this shows that your Editors are quite right when they insist on variety and that each of you derives something special in way of enjoyment from at least one story in BLUE BOLT.

> Cordially yours, THE EDITORS

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

I think Dick Cole is your best feature, and I am glad he and Simba are friends now. If you would leave Blue Bolt's hood off he would look better and we would like him better.

You should have more pages of Edison Bell and Krisko & Jasper.

Sincerely yours, Robert Seigler Miami, Florida

—(We would like to have a vote on whether Blue Bolt's hood should be on or off. How about it, readers?)

Dear Editors:

I have enjoyed reading BLUE BOLT Comics immensely. I think it is the best comic book I ever read. The character I like best is Sub-Zero. He is different from most comic magazine characters because he can freeze things and make it mighty uncomfortable for gangsters. It has improved Sub-Zero a lot to have Freezum along on his adventures helping him.

Sincerely yours, Dean Hamilton Jackson, Michigan

-(Are we right in thinking that it is Freezum's sense of humor that makes you like him, Dean?) Dear Ecitors:

My brother and I are ardent fans of BLUE BOLT Comics. I feel that Krisko & Jasper add to the thrilling enjoyment and are exceptionally witty. I wish that it were possible to add two or more pages to this strip—it being my favorite, I naturally want to see more.

I think BLUE BOLT is the best comic magazine on the market and I shall continue to read and enjoy it.

Yours very truly, Eugene Kelly Brooklyn, N. Y.

—(Eugene Kelly makes a motion to have more of those two crazy seafaring cow-punchers — any "nay"s, or shall we make it unanimous?)

Dear Editors:

About two weeks ago my history teacher told me to look up some particular person in history. That night I looked in a history book, but I could not find anything about this person. I looked and looked and then decided to sit down and read a comic magazine. It was BLUE BOLT Comics. While I was turning the pages I stumbled upon "Old Cap Hawkins' Tales." Boy, was I surprised when I read the story and it was the one the teacher told me to find. The next day when I took

in my work the teacher said it was very good.

Robert Weinert

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—(More surprises in each new BLUE BOLT, •Robert.

Dear Editors:

I read a letter to the Editors in the November issue of BLUE BOLT Comics that I did not agree with. In this letter, the writer said that Old Cap Hawkins' Tales should be taken out. I think that this suggestion should be ignored because Old Cap Hawkins' Tales is short, adventuresome, interesting, and educational—and it's also something different in comic magazines.

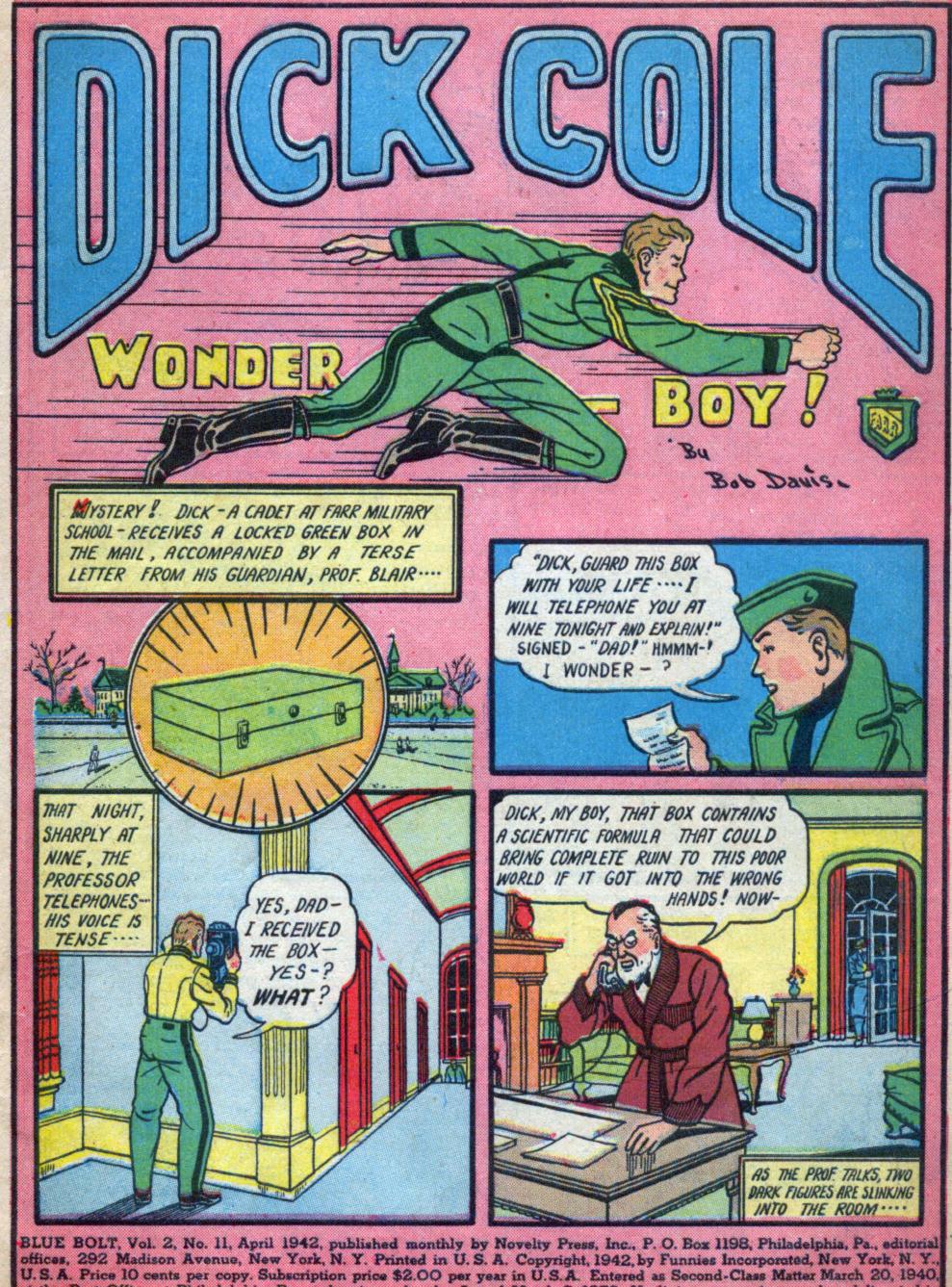
Dick Cole is a good model for American boys to try to follow and Sub-Zero is just like most other comic strips. Sergeant Spook is my favorite next to Old Cap Hawkins. Make it a little longer.

> Eugene Breetveld New York, New York

—(Everyone has a right to his opinion, Eugene, and that is why we do not intend to take out Old Cap Hawkins, because even though there are a few that do not like him, there are many who enjoy reading his tales as much as you do.)

\$1.00 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

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at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine excepting historical personages.









AND THE UNCONSCIOUS PROFESSOR
IS CARRIED FROM HIS HOUSE,
SENT OFF INTO THE NIGHT







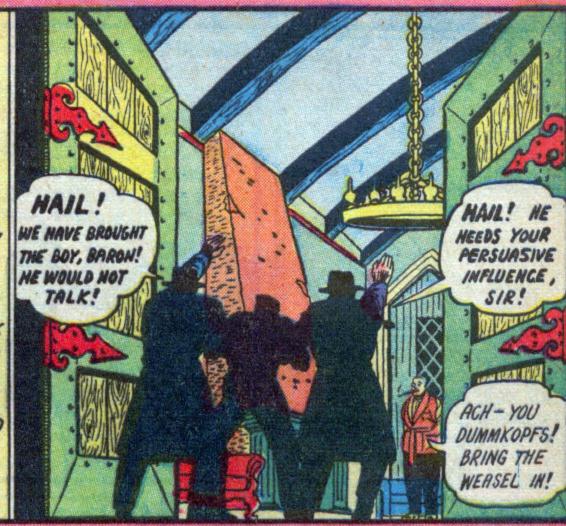






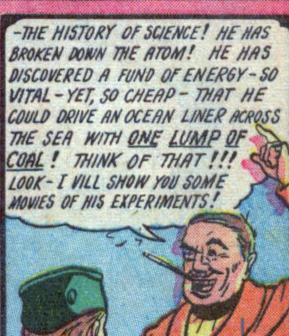
DICK COOLLY . . .











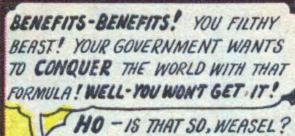




"YOUR PAPA DID NOT KNOW VE VERE PHOTOGRAPHING HIM ...
SEE THAT ROCKET HE IS SENDING INTO SPACE WITH HIS LITTLE
PILLS? IMAGINE THIS! THOSE ROCKETS NEVER CAME BACK
TO EARTH-THEY WERE BLOWN COMPLETELY OUT OF THE STRATOSPHERE!



"NOW SEE THAT AIR-SHIP! IT RAN FOR THREE WEEKS IN THE AIR ON ONE OF THOSE PILLS! SUCH A FORMULA! MY GOVERNMENT IS PROGRESS-MINDED!! WITH THAT FORMULA VE CAN BRING UNTOLD BENEFITS TO THE VORLD! BUT YOUR PAPA DENIES IT! VE—



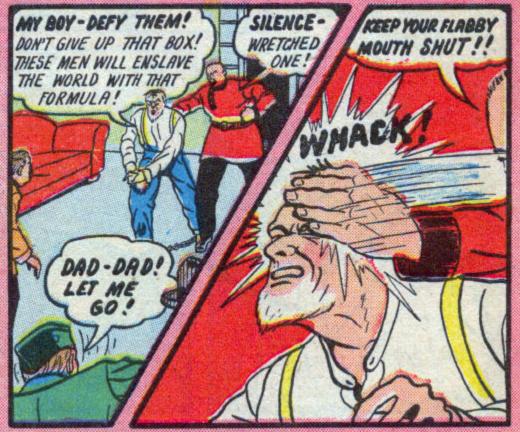
WELL - VE SHALL SEE! VE SHALL NOW CHANGE YOUR

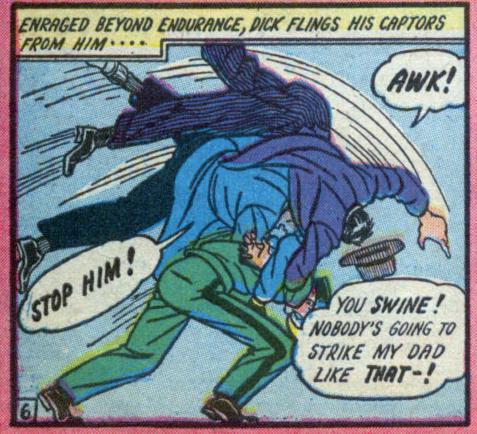


BRING IN THE OLD CROW - DRAG HIM HERE TO RATTLE HIS CHAINS FOR THE BOY'S AMUSEMENT -! VE SHALL SEE HOW MUCH HE LOVES HIS POOR, CRACKED OLD PAPA!







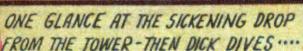














LIKE A COMET-HE KNIFES INTO THE ICY WATER -



WHEW! WAS THAT CLOSE! NOW TO GET THE POLICE -FAST -!





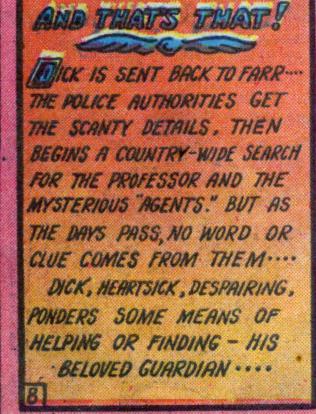
SWIMMING HURRIEDLY FOR THE SHORE, DICK SCRAMBLES UP ONTO THE ROCKS!

















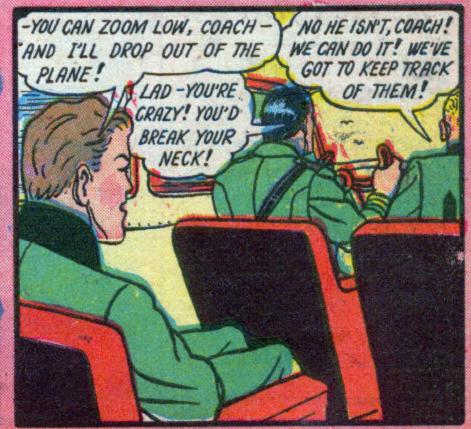






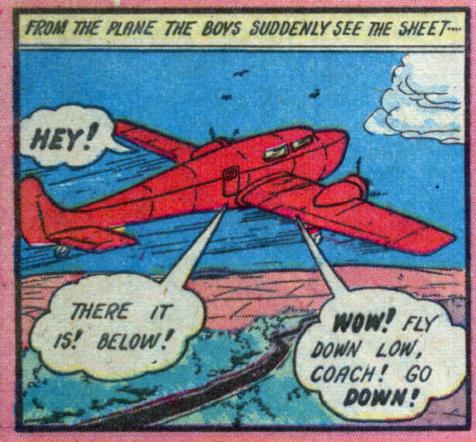












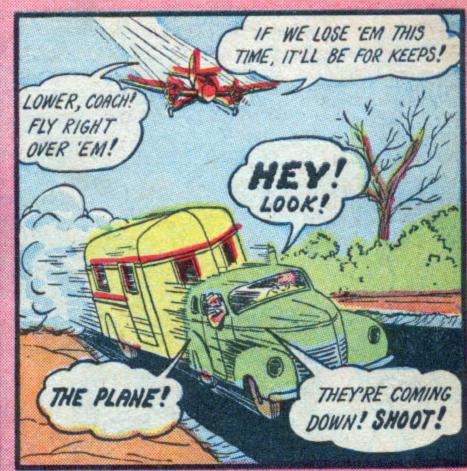
































GLAD TO SEE YOU HALE AND
HEARTY AGAIN, SIR-YOUR FRIENDS,
THE AGENTS, ARE ALL DEAD!
THANK YOU - AND THANKS FOR
BRINGING THESE TWO WILDCATS TO
MY RESCUE! THEY'VE SAVED MORE
THAN MY LIFE BY IT!

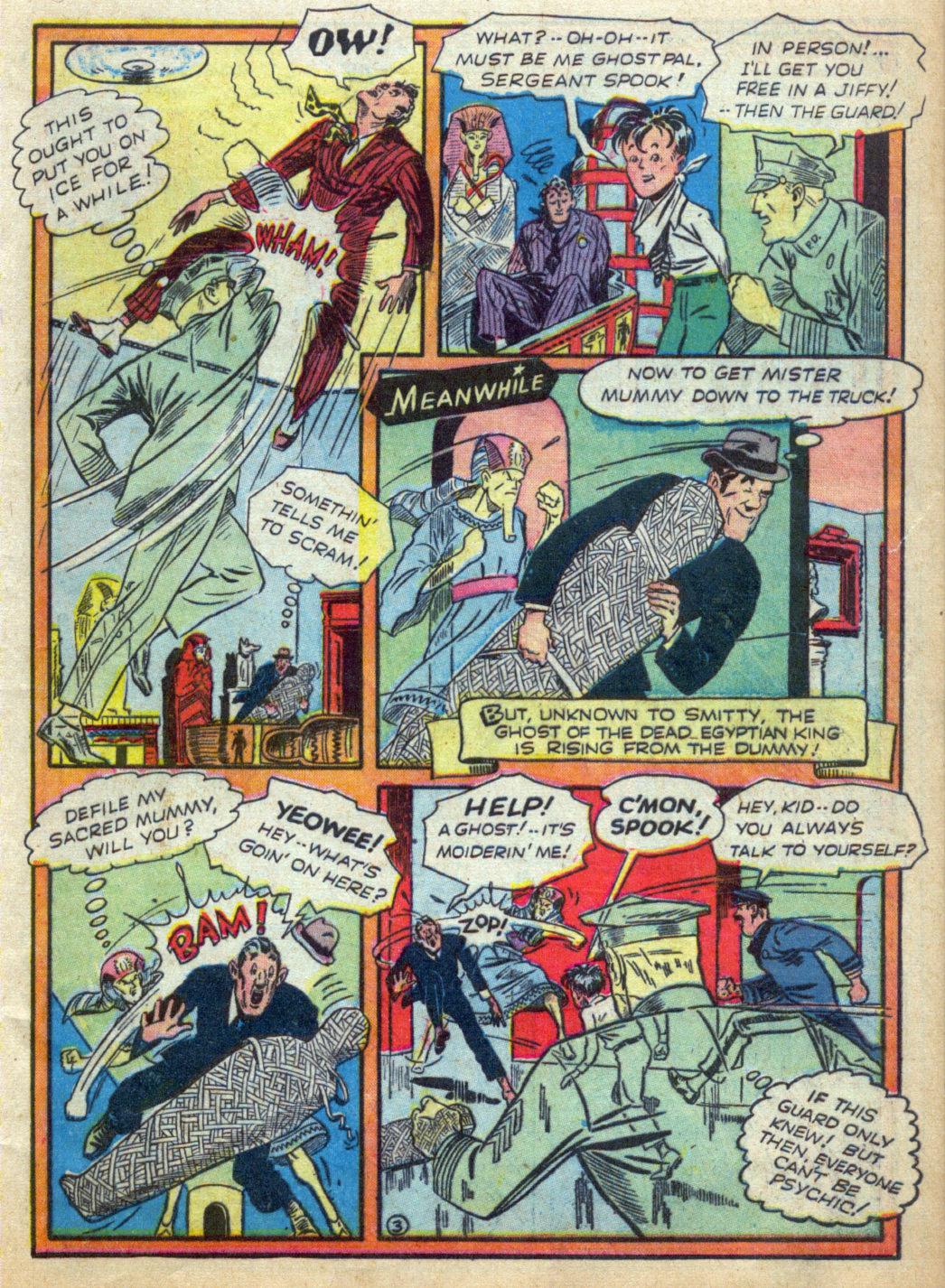
MONTH'S YARN, GANG! MORE

IN THE

NEXT -



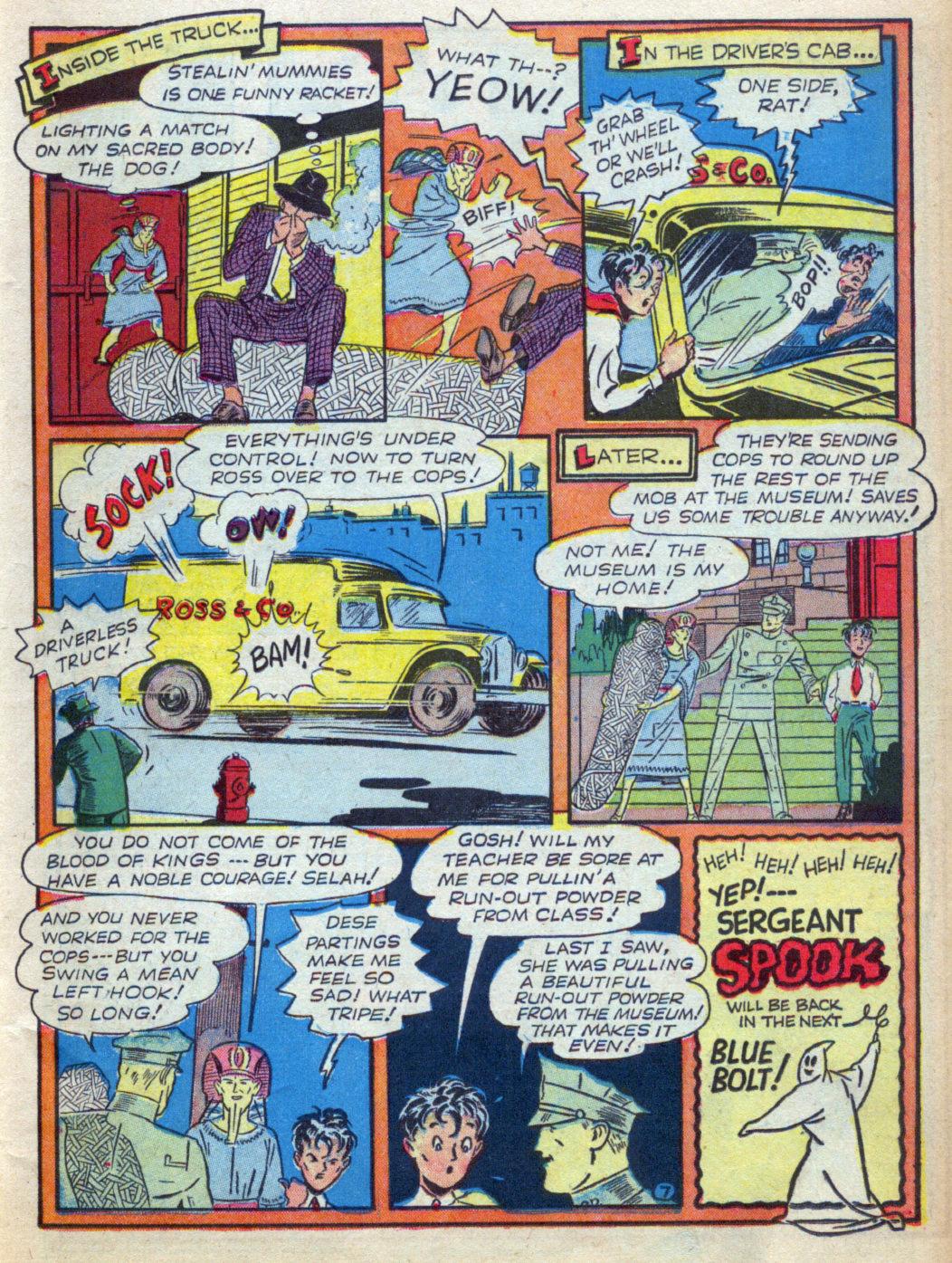






























AT THIS, EDDIE DUCKS IN FAST AND KNOCKS THE LADDER! OFF





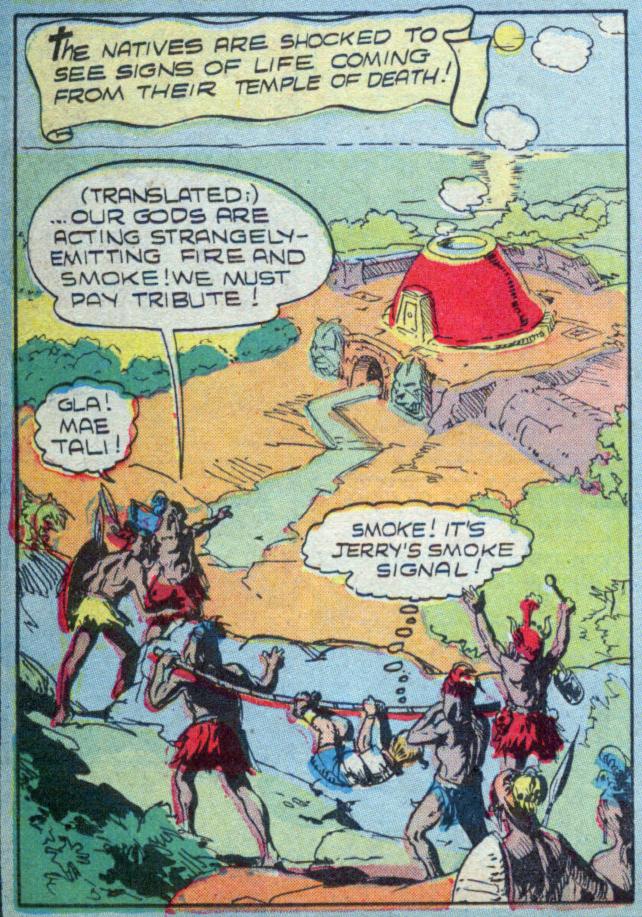
THE NATIVES QUICKLY







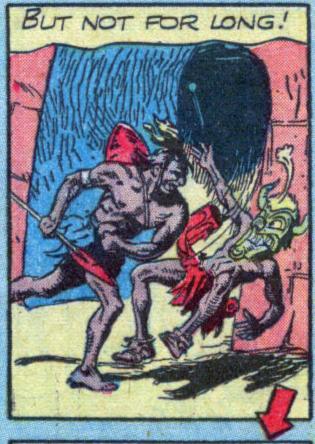








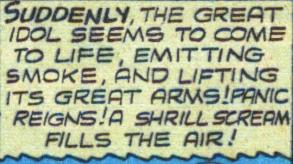


















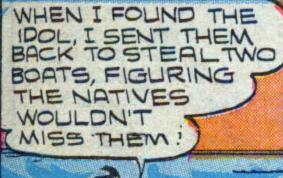




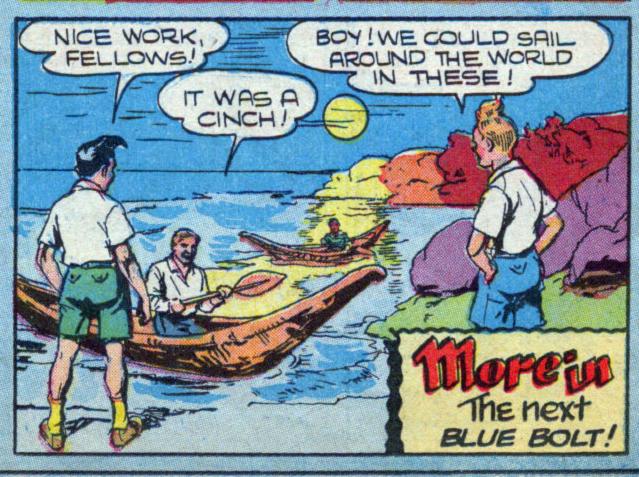


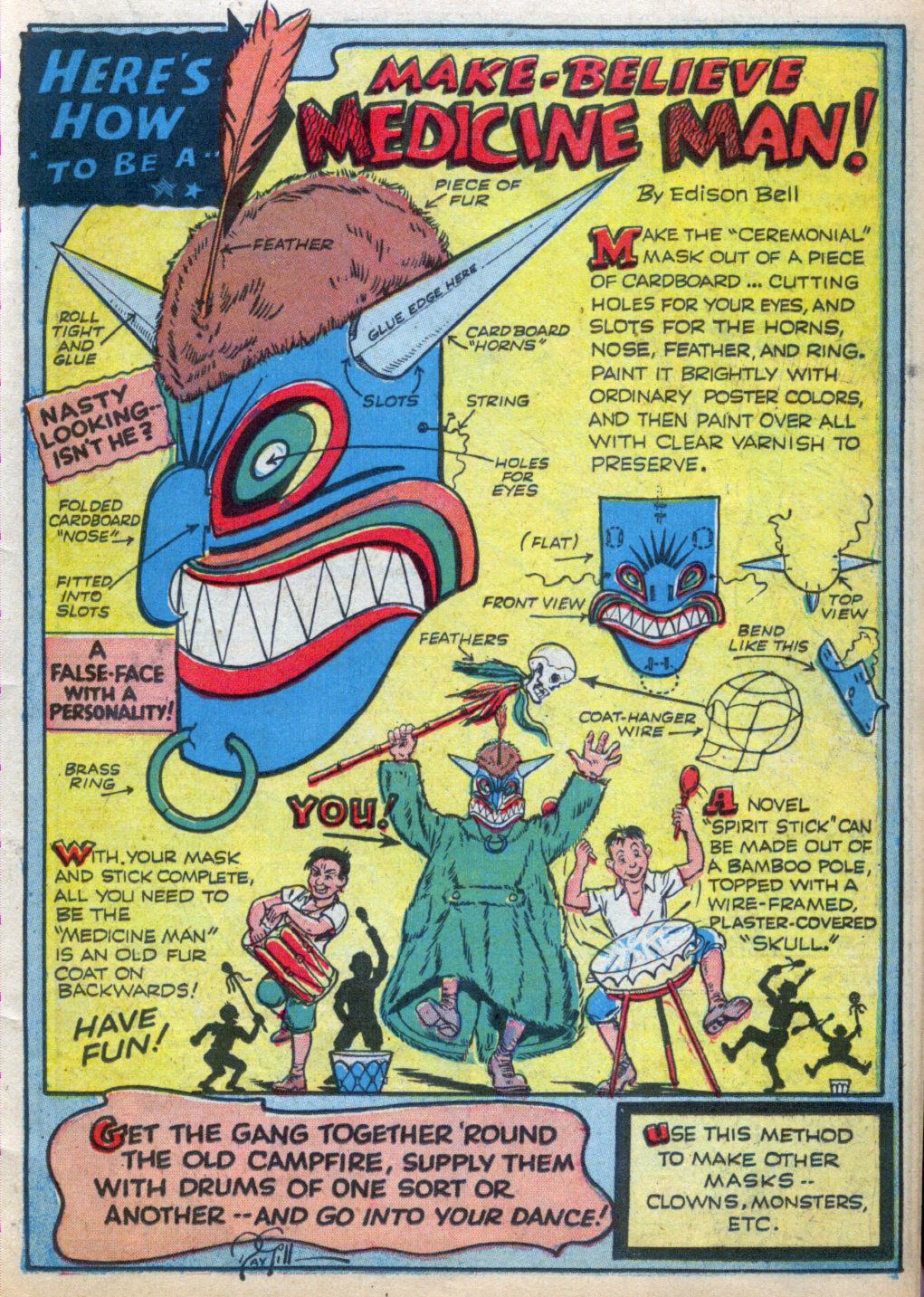


































DO YOU KNOW.

-THAT Sterra Leone, a British possession in Africa, owns some land off its coast called the Banana Islands? We have been told that no bananas are grown there, but that people

go to the Banana Islands for oranges!



-THAT since the Nazis began the invasion of their neighbor's borders these countries have no longer issued their own postage stamps: Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Danzig, Norway, Denmark, Netherlands, Belgium, Luxemburg, Jugoslavia, and Greece. Stamps for Belgium, Poland, Norway and

Denmark have been printed under Nazi censorship, while stamps for a portion of Czechoslovakia called Bohemia and

Moravia have been on sale since the Czechs lost their freedom.

-THAT bicycles are used by mailmen in Bulgaria, who laugh at American letter carriers for walking about when making their deliveries? So many people ride on bikes in the



Balkans, where Bulgaria is located, that a special set of stamps will soon be issued to be used on letters posted by bicycle riders.

—THAT France one designed a postage stamp that was sold to raise money to buy radio sets for the blind? Stamps have



been sold for many purposes, but this seems to be the most unusual of all. The picture shows a blind young men listening to a radio broadcast, and the artist has even drawn his idea of radio waves coming out of the loudspeaker.

-THAT Spain is the only country to reproduce the autogiro on stamps? The autogiro, an airplane that can go up or come down in a small space, was invented by a Spaniard. He was unable to interest

anyone in his own country with his airplane and came to the United States with a model. An American manufacturer in Philadelphia liked the young inventor and his new style 'plane and offered to build them. Hundreds of these ships, with their large propeller blades on top as well as in front, are made every year.

AN APPROVAL APPLICANT is anyone sending for the stamps advertised on this page. This means that along with the advertised stamps you send for you will also receive a selection of other stamps from which you may buy any or all you prefer. You must send back the stamps (except those you receive from the ad), together with the money for those you buy, within 10 days after you receive them.

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BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K

with the two sand-laden barges, wearily up the harbor, moving sluggishly in the wind's teeth. Captain Danny was worried.

"If you don't tie them up at 96th St. by noon, it's the last business you'll get from me," John Steele, the construction magnate, had told him curtly. "And my colleagues in the business will hear about it, too."

Danny couldn't blame him. But he couldn't afford any more business losses. He could barely keep "Mary B." operating and pay his hands as it was. Now it was ten in the morning, and the stiff north wind had reduced their headway to almost nothing. It looked bad.

"Better put in to the Basin, and hope for the wind to die," advised Ole, the mate. "Best we can do."

"We couldn't get near it," retorted Danny.

"Those piers are loaded with ammunition for England. There—look!"

Ole saw five grey freighters tied up in the Basin, and a black Police cutter cruising nearby. He scowled.

Suddenly a deckhand yelled, pointing. A little up the crowded harbor, a pier was belching black smoke. Danny realized it was Pier 12, where Inter-American unloaded the highly-inflammable sisal. A rush of flame mushroomed instantly into a holocaust. Stunned, they watched the city's guardians spring into action. Fireboats began to storm toward the scene, followed by the fire-fighting oil company tugs. In a few moments sirens were heard.

Ole darted another look at the crowded Basin docks. "Good thing there're a few blocks between 'em!"

Danny nodded soberly, and while "Mary B." battled on, they stared, spellbound, at the fire's fury. More fireboats and oil tugs were charging toward the pier, but now the cauldron of flame gushed over the whole pier length, and ship and cargo alongside, had caught. The river was choked with craft, some anxious to help, others idly curious.

"We'd better stand in somewhere," urged Ole.
"We can't mix in that tangle with this tow, and
we won't reach 96th on time anyway."

"I'm not giving up before I'm licked!" Snapped Danny. Ole looked at him curiously, then at the blaze.

"Somebody's still alive on the ship!" he gasped.

"They've got a line aboard her! Going to pull her clear, I guess!" A tug had darted in, and a deck-hand, crouching in the searing heat, had thrown a line to someone miraculously alive on the liner.

HERE is something to be feared more than a howling Nor'Easter, or a prowling raider at sea -- it's a run-away fire aboard ship. And when it happens practically right on your own afterdeck -- it's sink or swim for man and craft alike.

The tug's gleaming paint blistered, and her glass-work blackened and shattered, but doggedly she leaned back on the stiff hawser. The flame-swept liner began moving. A second tug, her own bow blossoming with flame, was heaving at the ship's bow. Slowly the floating pyre came around and began moving downstream.

ANNY shot a look at the Basin, loaded with explosives. "If she gets loose, she'll swing in there!" Ole made a funny sound, and Danny saw he was scared.

"On the wheel!" he ordered. "I'm going below to coax another turn out of the engine. A wide berth for that flaming coffin!"

Re-emerging, he heard shouts, looked, and went pale. The flaming ship was loose! Fire had gnawed the hawser apart. She began to veer shorewards. Danny sprang to the wheel-house of the "Mary B." Axe in hand, Ole tried to squeeze past him. But Danny was thinking. . . .

"Where you going?" he snarled.

"To cut the sand loose!" She's bearing straight for us, almost—we've got to dodge fast!"

Danny seized the axe. "And let her smack that ninety-thousand tons of ammunition? It would flatten the city! I'll cut that line—but, not yet!"

Crazed with fear, Ole swung at Danny who crashed in the corner. Ole vanished with the axe. Danny groaned but staggered erect. Dazed, he focussed on the liner. A mass of slashing flame, she glided inexorably toward the Basin. Danny tumbled on deck and sprinted aft. The axe was flashing downward when he brought Ole flat with a tackle. The mate's head cracked the deck, and he lay still. The axe skidded to the scuppers.

The liner had changed course. He leaned out, shouting at the hands flocking toward Ole. Arm in air, he twisted for another look at the liner. A man snatched up the axe, and, as Danny's arm dropped, the axe swung. The tow-line sprang apart. Both tug and tow were drifting swiftly toward the Basin's mouth. . . .

The "Mary B." heeled far over as she swung sharply. Free now, she charged about in a tight turn, laying a furious trail of white. Vaguely, Danny glimpsed an oil tug storming toward him. He bellowed an order through the window again, and as the "Mary B." swept along side the wallowing barges, three figures dove through the air and sprawled into the sand. Then they were up and running for the hawsers joining the ponderous scows. The "Mary B." swung away and heeled in another turn. In the strong quartering

wind, the scows were turning and drifting into an abreast position. Danny gloated over this luck as he drove the "Mary B." head on at them. There was little time—the burning ship was close, sending a choking blast of scorching heat down the wind. The "Mary B.'s" engine room bell clanged sharply, she churned the water to a savage boil, in reverse, but her nose hit hard. She shuddered so, then built a hill of meringue astern, as Danny signalled full ahead to the engine room.

But the barges dawdled, sullenly indifferent to the flaming destruction looming close. Men were running, yelling, hurtling overboard. The "Mary B." heaved angrily at the stubborn dead weight. The barges began to yield to the powerful tug.

Danny's knuckles were aching and white on the wheel spokes; his knees shook as he tried, through sheer will force, to goad the little tug into greater effort. Suddenly, a whistle sounded alongside. Danny saw the oil tug charge up and reverse engines. The newcomer lunged in with a dull crash, went ahead on her engines once more, and then the barges were skidding steadily. And now the heat was unbearable. The wheel-house windows blackened, and as Danny, with detached amazement saw his paintwork blistering, the windows crackled and shivered to bits. In unspoken agreement both tugs slacked off and reversed. The "Mary B." shrank back.

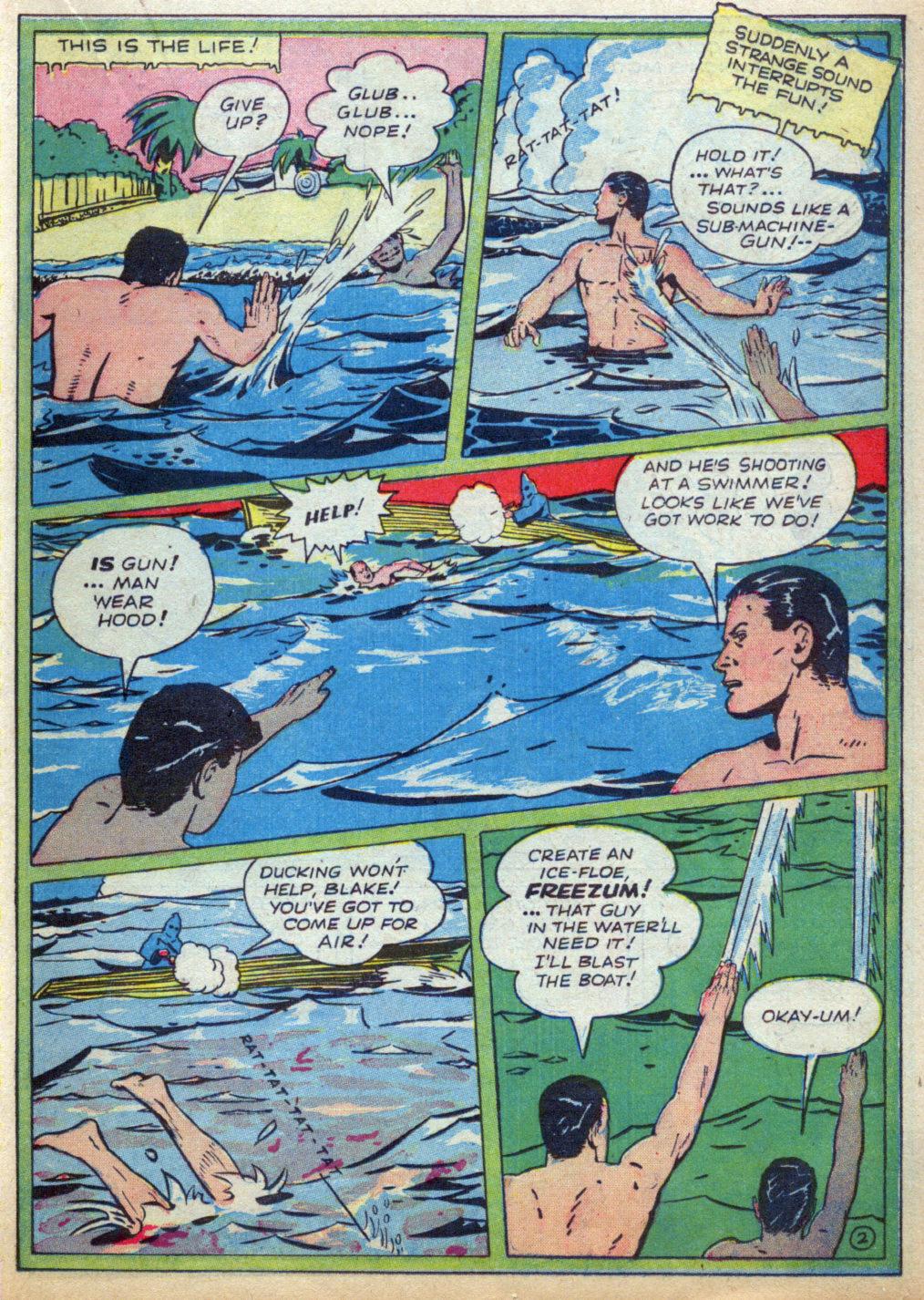
Danny gasped. The cooler air revived him as he watched the liner's smoking stem sliced through the last few feet of water between it and the barges. There was a splintering crash. The barges rolled, floundered, shipped water, as the ship recoiled, staggering. Then the barges wallowed deep under a second battering impact, while shattered planking flew. This time the burning liner halted, her nose against the barge's gunwales.

A moment later the second oil tug swept under the liner's stern, and a steel cable leaped aboard. She was a prisoner again.

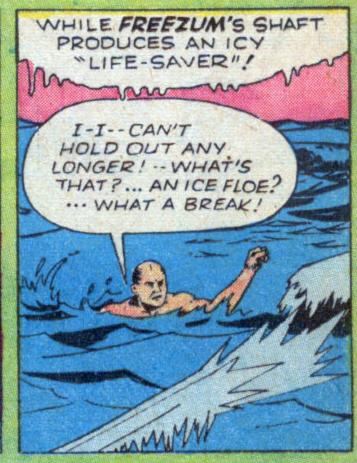
The harbor shrieked with whistles. Danny ran back to where Ole crouched on his hands and knees. The mate grinned feebly, and Danny started to speak. There was a sudden hornblast, and a glittering cruiser-yacht hove alongside. From her bridge John Steele megaphoned: "Nice work, Daugherty! Had glasses on you. You saved the city! Don't worry about the sand-and don't fail to come and see me tomorrow!" "AYE AYE, SIR!" called back Captain DANNY DAUGHERTY, patting the rail of the good ship "MARY B." . . . "I guess I stopped him from exploding at me, too!" he said to himself with a chuckle.

THE END









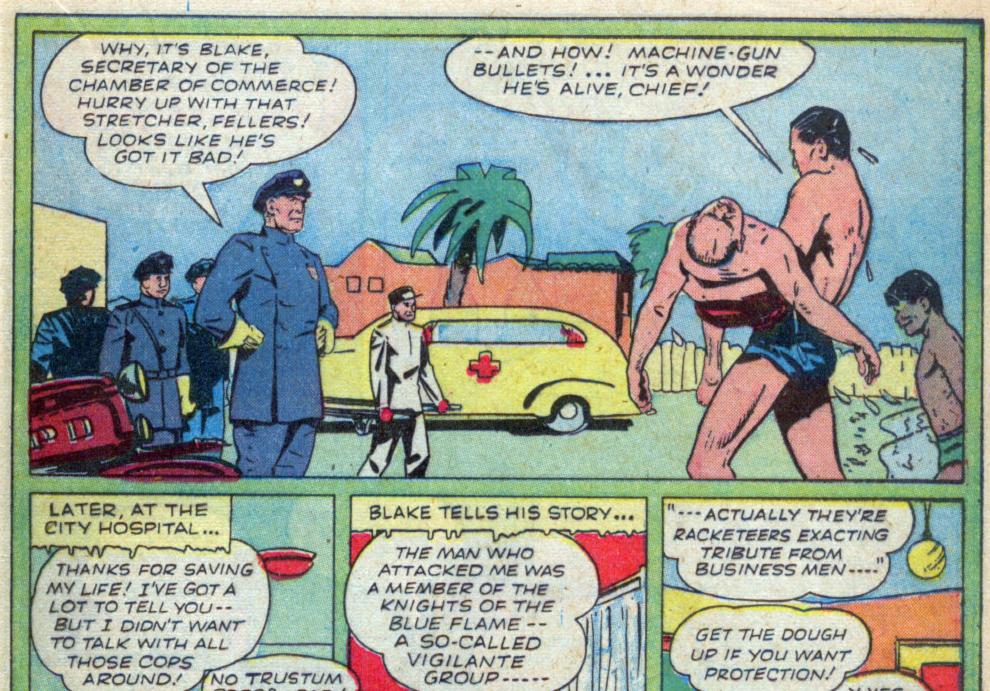








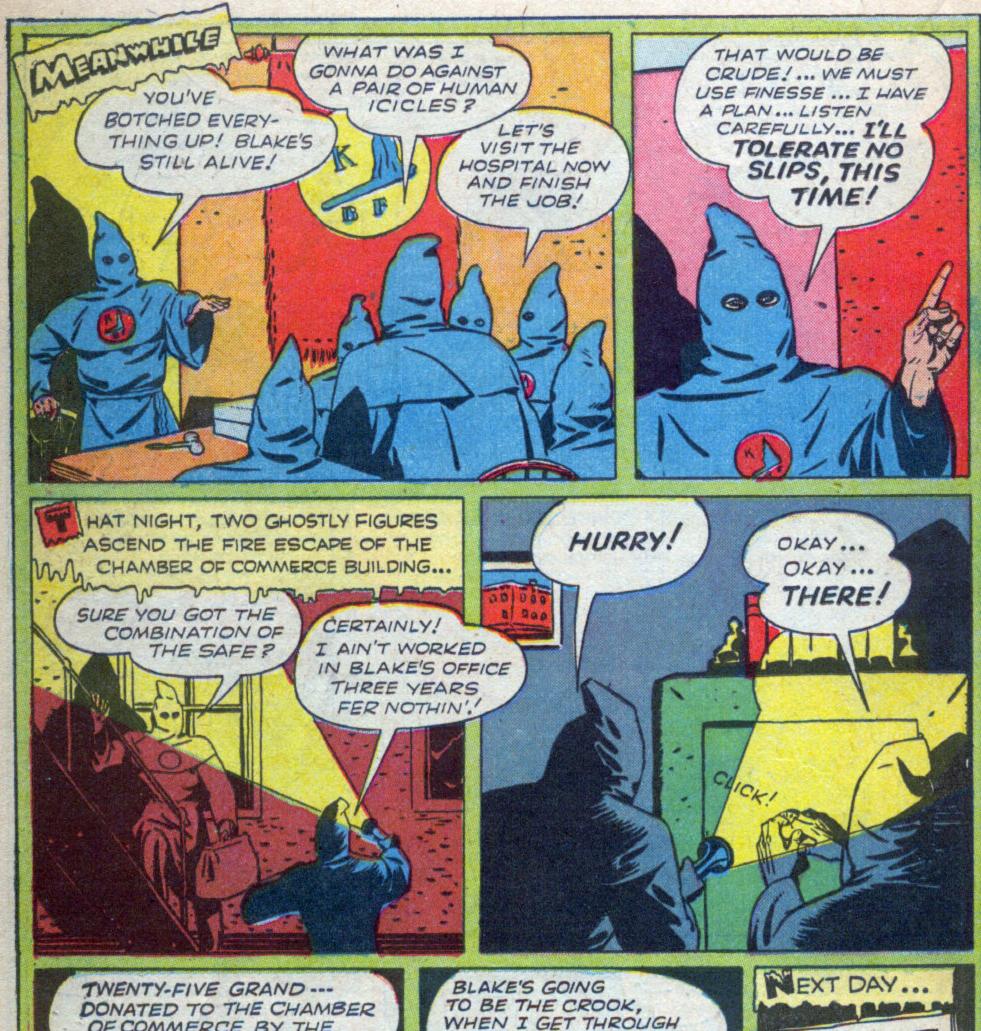






















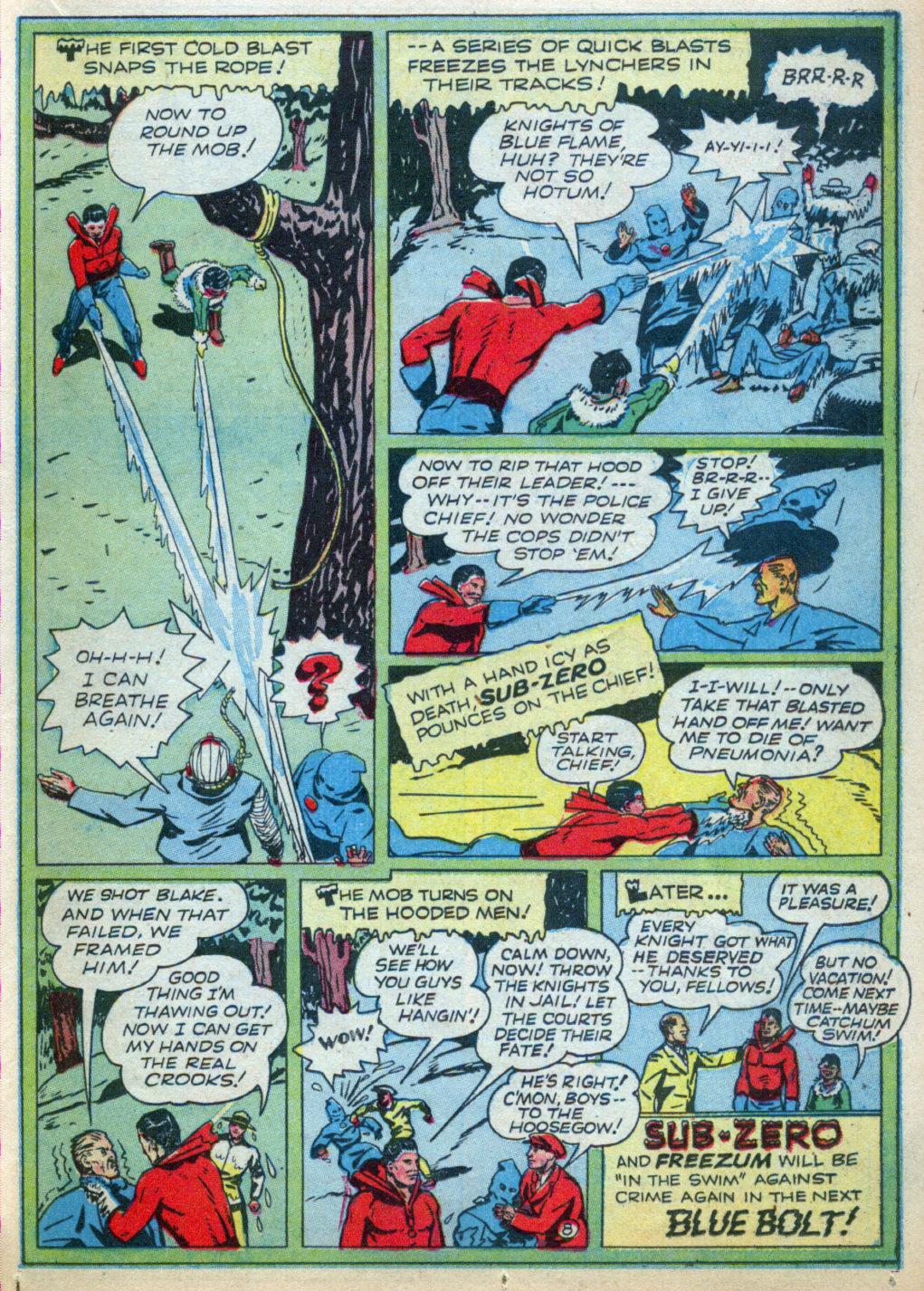






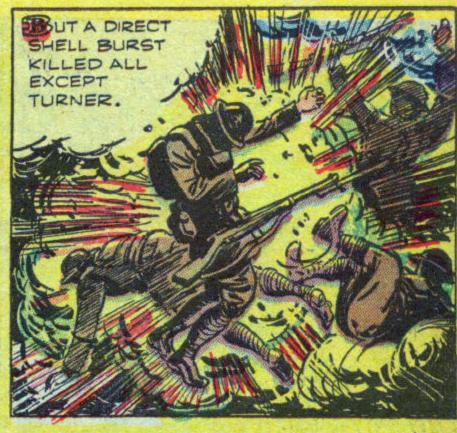












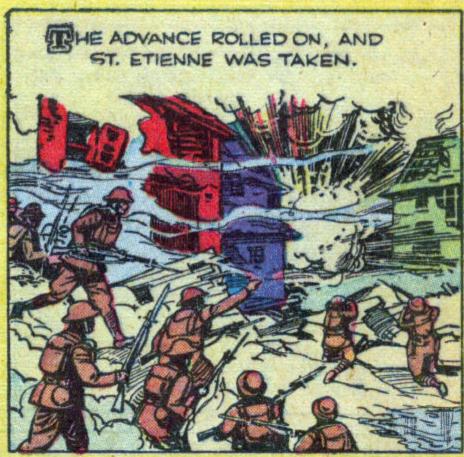












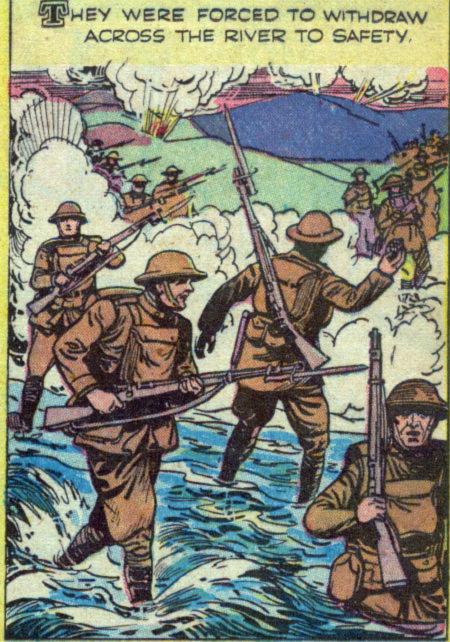


















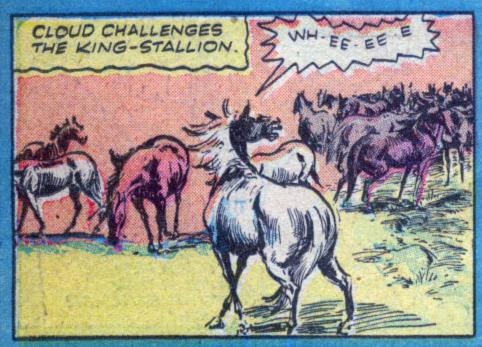




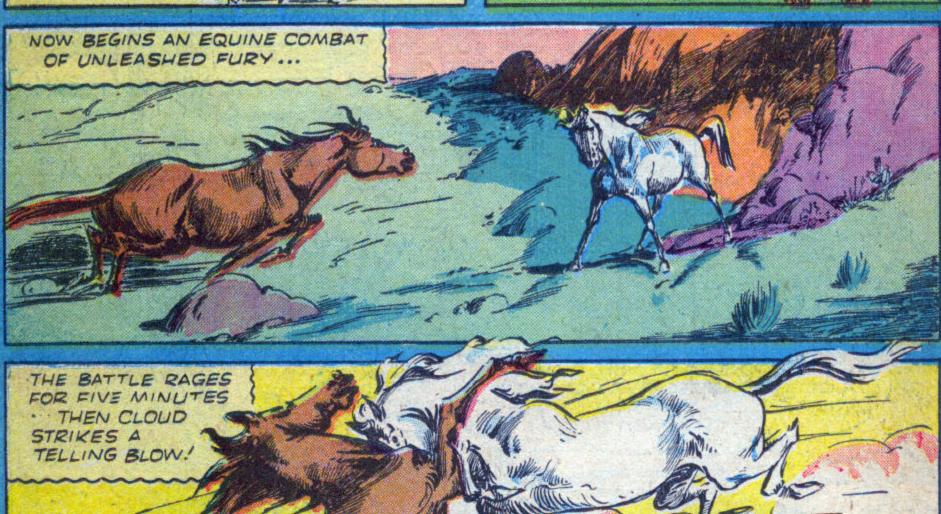




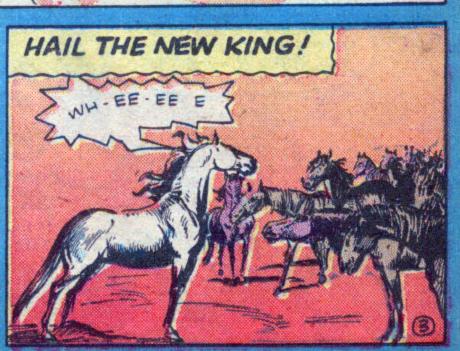












































BLACKIE'S HEADIN'

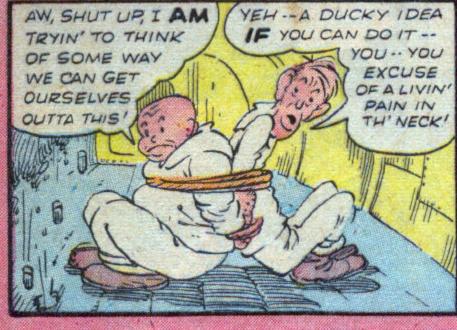
FOR HIS LAST JAIL-

LAY-HE-LAY-HE-OHH!

HOUSE ... OH, LE-OH







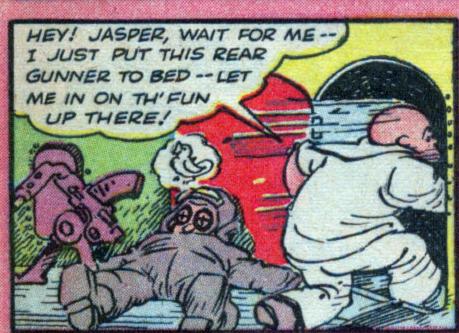






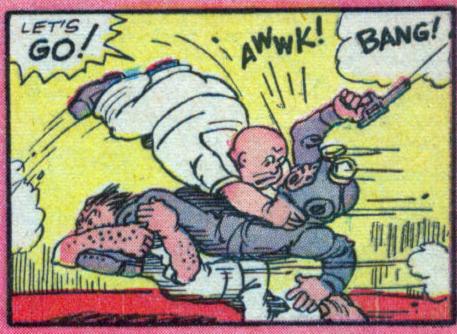




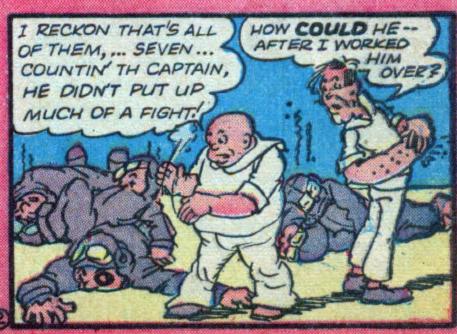




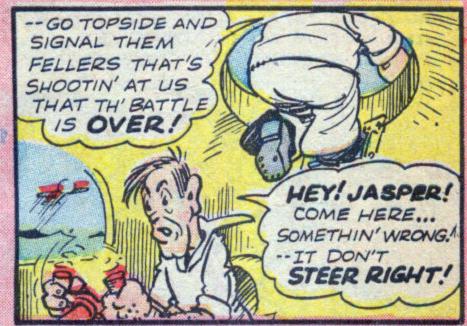




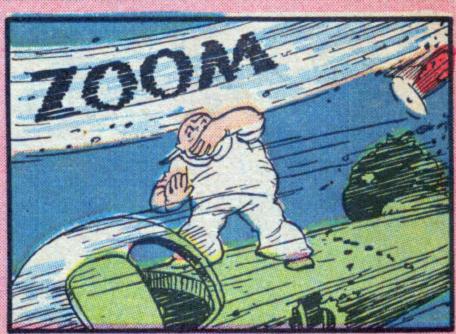


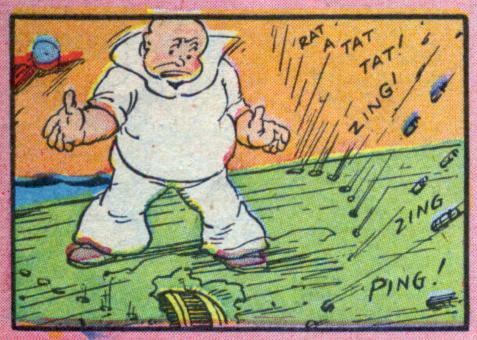








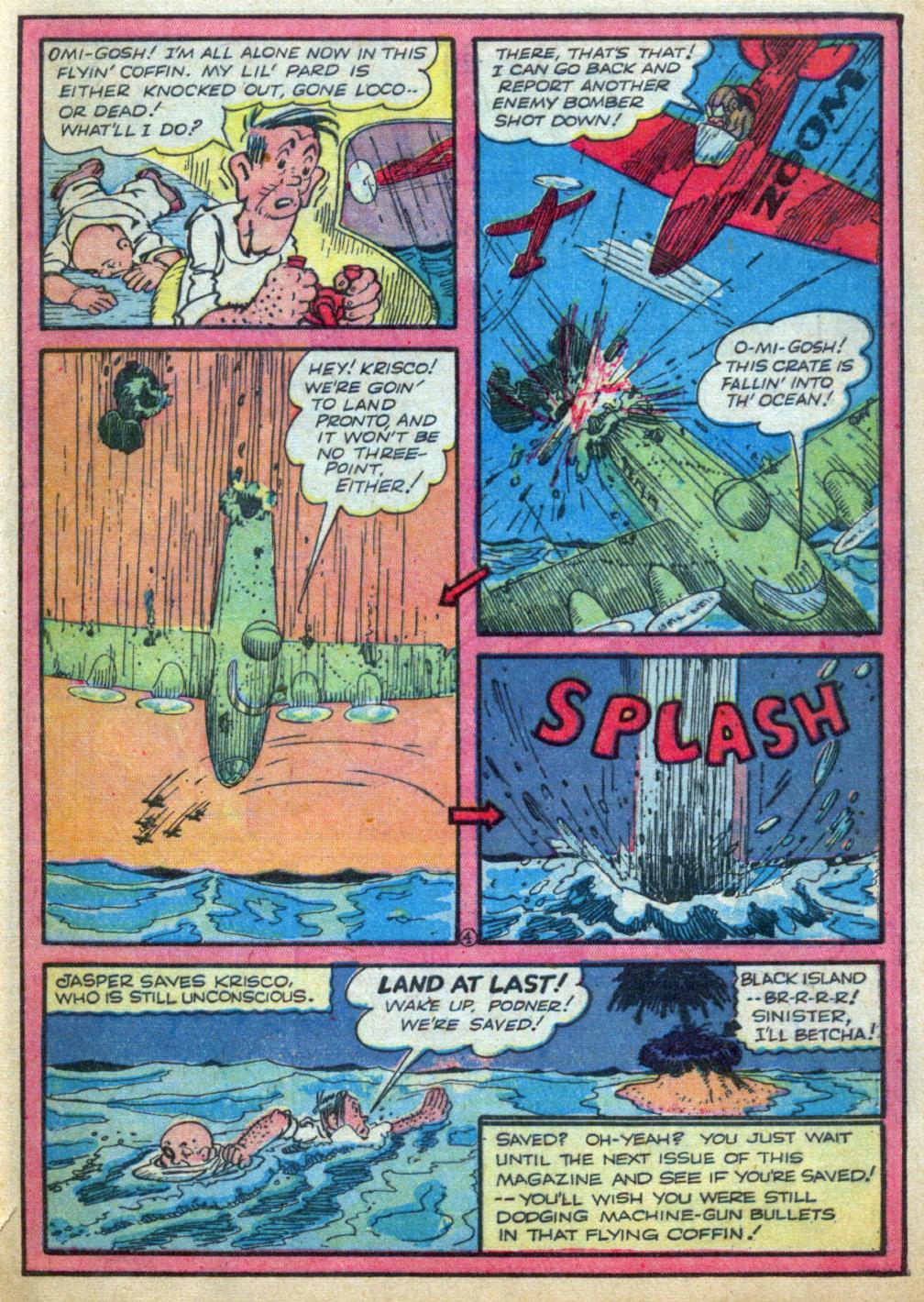














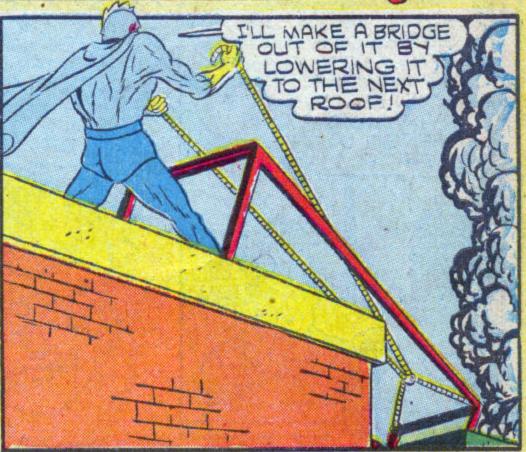


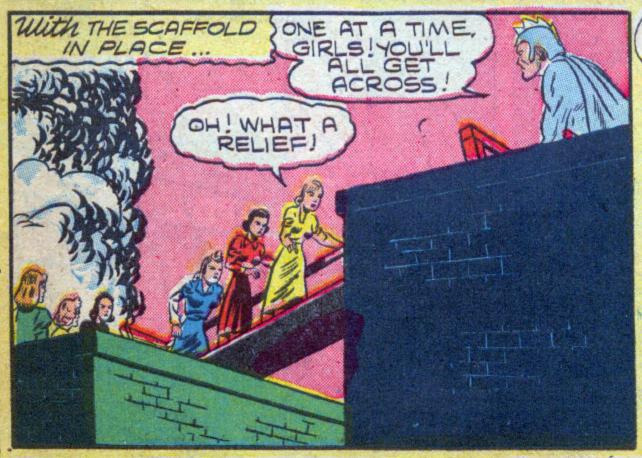


THE ROOF OF THE NEXT BUILDING! I MUST GET UP THERE AND HELP THOSE GIRLS!

















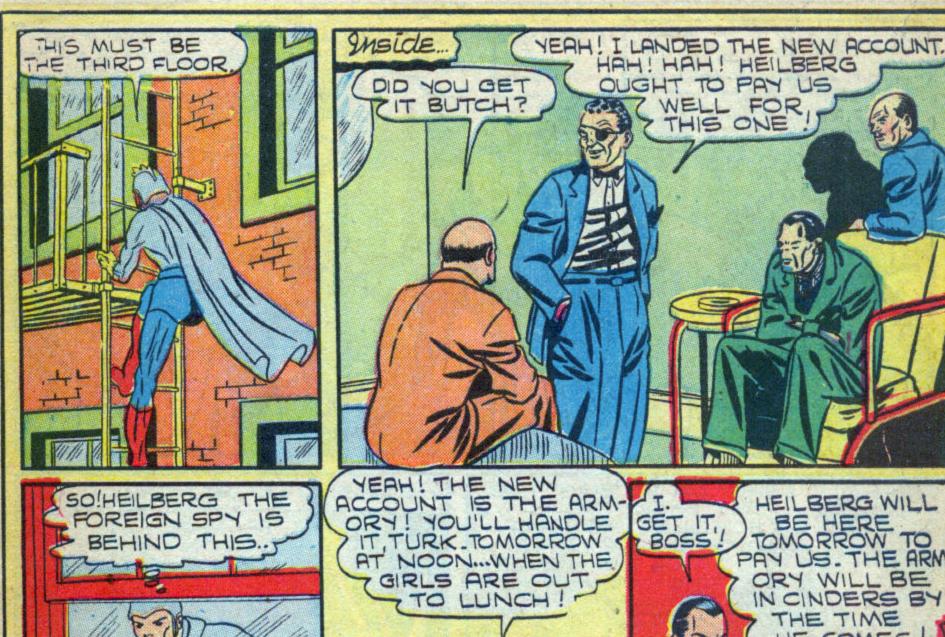
SO, IN EVERY CASE
THE FIRES BROKE OUT
IN THE OFFICE! NOW
TO MAKE A LIST
OF PEOPLE WHO
FREQUENT THESE
OFFICES!













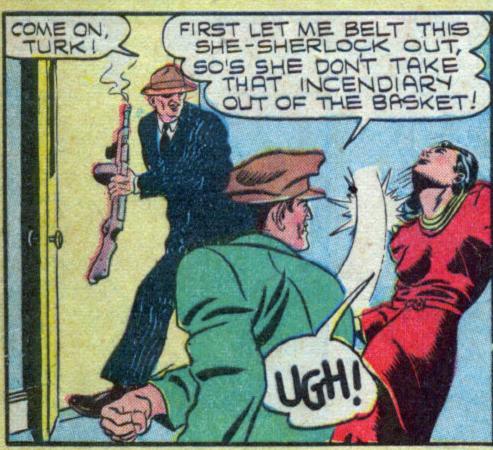




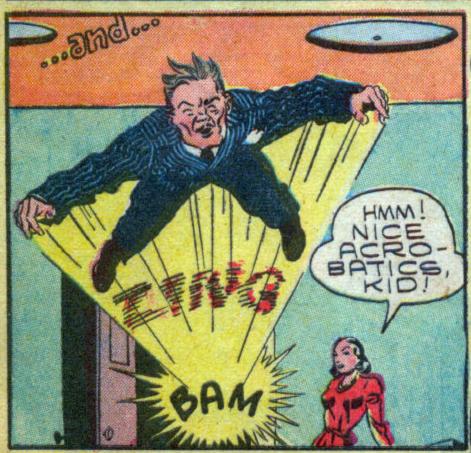














HAVE MY





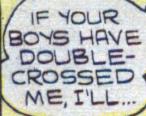












TURK AND LOUIE ARE O.K. THEY WILL BE HERE!



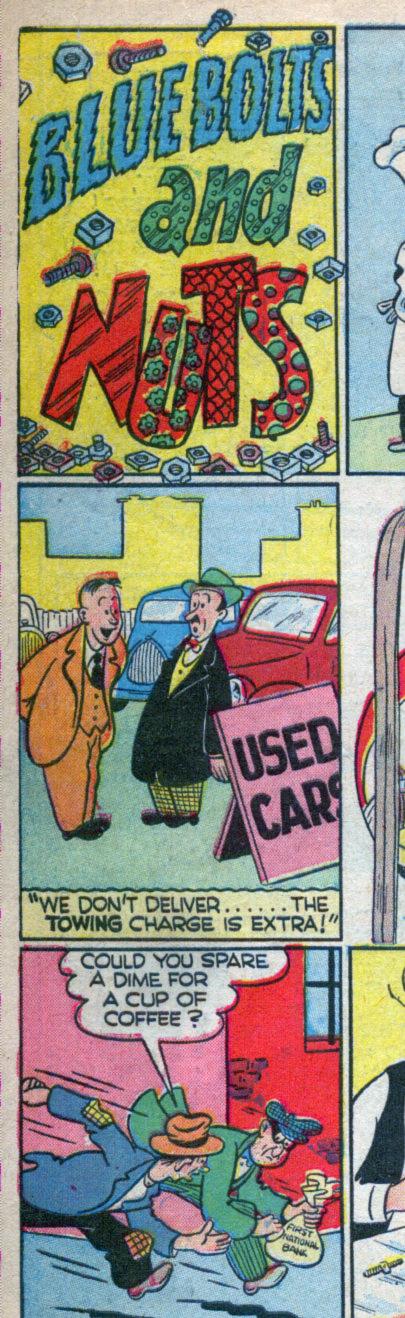










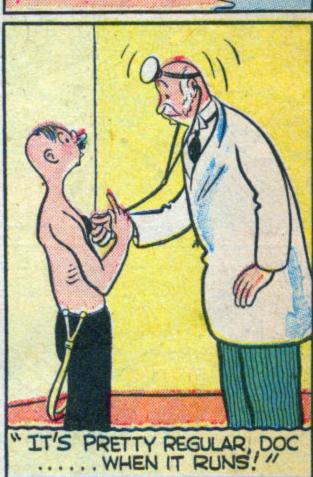














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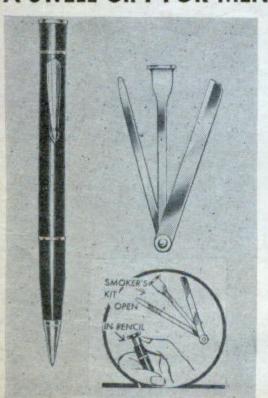


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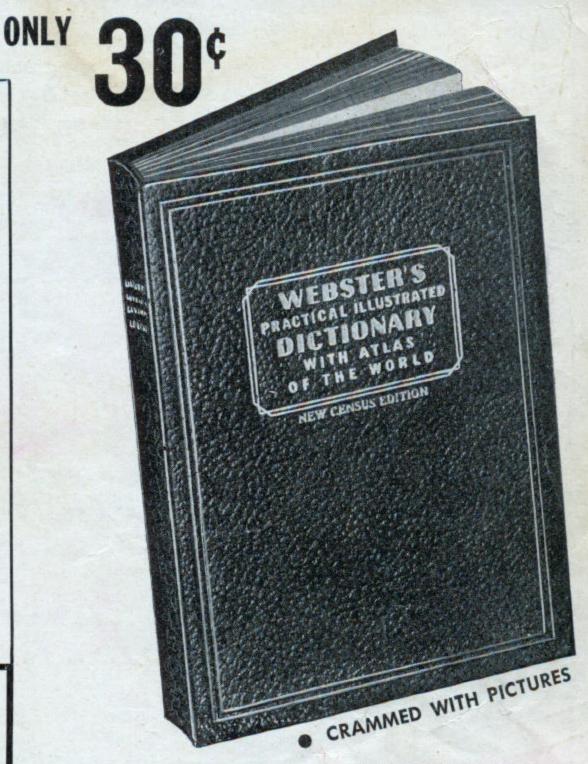
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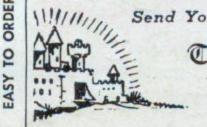
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Publication: Blue Bolt Comics vol.2 no.11

Date: December, 1948

Publisher: Better Publications of Canada Ltd.

Notes: One less Black Terror story than the American version and no Spectro.

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Scanning Date: August 26, 2002

Credits:

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